ni-ijaite ni-ffimi. It might be noted that Mr.[illegible] Masters was illiterate, but he loved to thumb through this "book of secrets" in public.

In Illustrata further the character of the Scotch, it is useful here to include the autobiography of Mr.[illegible] Masters, which also provides an interesting commentary on life in Hawaiian. The story was recounted in the garden of Shakir Effendi with the latter present to verify some of the episodes. With the exception of the account of the journey to Iowa displayed as a lie, which sounds distinctly sensational, Mr.[illegible] Masters's tale shows credible at most points, aside from the exaggerations. Certain lengthy parts of the narrative have been omitted or condensed, and others rearranged with respect to the chronology.

My real name is Masters only, but my name as a foreign is always Mr.[illegible] Masters. I am [illegible] about forty years of age and I have had nine wives in my life, seven Haolian, one Hawaiian, and one Jew. My present wife is a girl of Hawaiian and ten years of age. I have five children living, and all them two are boys and three are girls. One of the boys is with his wife in my shop and the other is on [illegible].

I was born in Hawaiian and the name of my father was [illegible] Masters [illegible], a merchant here. I never went to school, but always played in the [illegible] of the island children used boys and broke their heads. One day my father said to me, "Masters, my son, you must have a trade. It is bad that you never do anything except play in the streets and cause trouble." "I have a trade already," I said to him, "I am a seaman on ship." I [illegible] fifty children of the town and we [illegible] ourselves with wooden rifles and swords. I pointed the ship into harbor, one sailor myself and the other sailor my cousin's son. We fought several battles, and how many there were many casualties. The parents of the children who had

here but went to the Turkish police, and I was taken to the court. The policeman was a Turk named 'Ali Khan. He asked me what I was doing and what this "gun" was. He swore that if I told the truth he would not hurt me. I explained that my gun was only a gun. He asked to see how this gun operated, so I performed the skilful drill before the court. We stood in straight lines with our wooden rifles and swords. When 'Ali Khan saw this drill, he was amazed and let me go free.

By this time I was becoming a man, and was perhaps fifteen years of age. I went to a barber in the town and told him I wanted to learn the trade. He was afraid of me, however, because I always joked with him, telling him that I was going to kill the policeman, and I was feared to learn. There existed certain posts, under Ali, some which offered hundred soldiers. I took service with him, becoming a postman and a spy for the Turks. I went to carry the mail to Lake Van, a long journey on foot during which I was glad to get there. I also accomplished successes to distribute as a salutary. With one such success there was a Jew. One day he took me aside, and asked me to slaughter myself as a Jew so that my small children might escape from the Turks commanding to Jews. To go this I shaved my head, leaving only a lock over one ear, and took the name Hassan Ibrahim Bakir. When we arrived at our destination to Amerellie, we went to the synagogue. The Jew placed the rabbi's hand and spoke with him in Hebrew. He told him that I had threatened to become a Muslim. The rabbi came to me and said, "Hassan, my son, why do you want to become a Muslim?" I here an enemy and some of the Jews help me." I said, "I want protect my two sisters." The Jews collected fifty liranes and gave it to me. They also brought meat and bread to the synagogue for a banquet. While they were dining, I asked to see the letter. I looked the letter over on the inside and judged from the window. Then I walked around to front of the building where the rabbi and others [illegible] to a big window. I [illegible] "Are there in on not not God, and Muhammad is the apostle of God?" Then I walked away, leaving because they dared not touch a Muslim. When they heard this they started beating the first Jew, the one who had asked me to slaughter myself and had interviewed me, the one who had hoped to gain half of the fifty liranes. Once the Commander arrived and they asked him why he was being beaten. He said, "I am only a poor Jew of Amerellie who came here to buy grain, and these people here demanded my money.

[205]

I had only a little, so they started whipping me." 152 ●
"How much did they take?" the Denmark officer asked. 192
"Fifty rupees," he answered, and the officers ordered the other Arab to pay the man whom they wanted to be beaten also.

When the Europeans came to Ruwenzori, my family fled to Kabili. I was then about twenty years of age. My father lost all his wealth and became destitute. I told him not to worry, because I would find him the best possible livelihood. I went to a barbershop belonging to a man named Aziz. He was shaving one man and another was waiting his turn. I told the customer waiting to be seated, equipped myself with a razor and a towel, and began shaving him. "Who are you and what are you doing?" Aziz asked me. "This is not your affair," I answered. "What?" he shouted, "Get out of here. I do not want you." "If you do not want me," I said, "I want you." He was pleased with this answer, and kept me with him for some time. Eventually the war caused things to become worse, and the customers disappeared. I had to have money for my family, so I bought a seat and filled it with coloured seat. I went through [751] the streets of Kabili crying, "Buttons! Buttons! I am sure all Europeans!" People asked me to come into their houses, but I refused until they paid a fee. When I received the money, I went in and poured my seat on the floor of the first man, smiling from the fun. I gave these seat to my father, but the Turks arrested him and my brother and they were never seen again. I managed to escape this march. [757]

When the war ended, the British came to Iraq. I was then in the service of a private named Haji Hamza in Zanzibar. There was a major day in the district who spoke Turkish, and when he heard from Haji Hamza what a clever man I was, he took me with him to Ruwenzori. He gave me the job of giving food to 200 families of Ruwenzori I had known in my childhood. While I was waiting for the British, all of the Turks revolted under Shaykh Mahmud and I ran away to Kabili again. On my return to Ruwenzori, I [449] then I opened a shop to sell roasted meat, but the work was too dirty for me. Finally I went to an American merchant named Jagmar, and he entrusted me with goods worth 3000 rupees to sell in the villages around Ruwenzori. When I returned, I found I had 500 rupees profit. I took this money to Jagmar, and he said that because I was industrious and honest I could keep it as a gift. I made several other trips for Jagmar, always profitable, but I found travelling for this purpose unbearable. I took my money and opened a shop in Ruwenzori to sell groceries. When 443 459 792

this prospered, I obtained a contract to furnish the army with fresh vegetables. I became thus a man of some wealth. [159] [192] [443]

There was a man in Rowandiz who had great influence, Sayyid Mewsul Effendi Zakriani. He begged me to become mukhtar, representative of the people to the government. Shakir Effendi here knows of this. He advised me not to do it, because I did not have great wealth. I did not listen and the qaimmaqam posted an order which appointed me mukhtar of the town. I caught Sayyid Ma'ruf and pushed him into a narrow street. "Now I am master of Rowandiz," I told him. Everyone came to visit me, however, and I had to give them free food and clothing. I lost my money, and had to sell my horse, my pistol, and most of my wardrobe. Finally, I had to give up being mukhtar and Ma'ruf Effendi was given the post again. [622] [574]

After this, I became sanitary inspector for the Belediye, the municipality. I asked the qaimmaqam to give me full authority, and Rowandiz was never so clean. I hired a man to shout in the streets that by order of Mustafa Azis any person who was found throwing rubbish or dirty water in the streets or who neglected to sweep in front of his house or who sold food with dirt in it should be fined. The fine was five dinars, a large sum. I also ordered that those selling food or kitchenware should have their plates shine like silver. I gathered the butchers together and told them they must cover their meat with white gauze to keep off the flies. I secretly inspected the weights, and I found that many merchants were selling less than the proper measures. I covered the top of the stream which gives Rowandiz its water with barbed wire and forbade anyone to bathe in it. No person had the right to wash his feet or his dishes in it. When people saw me, they ran for miles. On my reports, the government collected 170 dinars from the people of Rowandiz, Khwakan, and Dyana. My salary was not large, however, and no one appreciated what I was doing. People complained to the qaimmaqam about my fines and my orders, and I had to leave the post. [624] [687] [964]

Thus I left this job and went back to my old trade as a barber. You have seen my shop in the bazar and you know that I am the best barber in Rowandiz. I became a dervish and a khelifa (Arabic, "successor," presumably to the Prophet) by studying with some old men, and now I am a great teacher with students of my own. I teach them such things as cutting themselves without pain, piercing their limbs with skewers, and catching snakes. I make up poems and songs in Kurdish. My present duties are to prepare [305] [785] [76]

people for burial, to perform circumcision, to fire the gun for Ramadan, to play the tambourine, to assist at ceremonies of all sorts, and to help people. I was cure illnesses by my own medicines. I have now left everything in this world which is bad, and have started my prayers.

Sayyid Hesani, of whom Hajji Mustafa speaks above, was one of the most distinguished residents of Rowanduz, although not a native of the town. He died some years ago, and his house is still pointed out. Sayyid Hesani was not directly concerned in the feud between Muri Jamil Agha and Isma'il Beg, although he was an adherent of the latter, but was closely bound up with Kurdish revolutionary activities. He was a writer, and operated the first Kurdish press in Iraq. The investigator possesses a postage stamp of the "Government of Southern Kurdistan," printed by Sayyid Hesani for the short-lived "state" of Shaykh Mahmud. Sayyid Hesani was engaged in a number of enterprises, some of them questionable from the government's point of view, and Hajji Mustafa, although he neglected to mention the fact, was one of his men. Hajji Mustafa also failed to relate how, during the second World War, he and several other adventurers procured police uniforms and levied customs duties from lorries going from Iran to Iraq at a point several miles in advance of the real customs station. The drivers were surprised to have to pay their tolls a second time but there was an investigation, but Hajji Mustafa escaped indictment. This exceptional man, who, in the course of his life, had been a barber, government employee, highwayman, itinerant trader, merchant, soldier, muleteer, owner of a tea-shop,

perhaps, quack doctor, creator of work, servant, and ego, illustrates the personality of many of the Kawandisa, as well as the diversity of occupations which a woman can participate in the Kawandisa area. A shrewd operator, he discovered marketing in the Kawandisa economy which allowed the social status he desired, having been dissatisfied with other fields of endeavour. In spite of his statement above, he is generally acknowledged to be the worst father in the Kawandisa, because he sacrifices attention to business to the pleasures of conversation. He and his family are barely supported by the income of Kawandisa Ointment while "gifts" of food and money. Although he is considered slightly unsavoury, the townspeople are fond of Dr.Jil Mentore, who adds colour and noise to everyday life, and he is dearly loved by the children.

There are many misconceptions beliefs to be recorded in the town, some with obvious religious importance and others not. As in the case of folklore, further investigation, particularly among the villages, might provide a large body of various beliefs and practices. Several of the interesting examples will suffice, for the purpose of this study, to illustrate the general character. When there has been a drought which has resulted alarming proportions, the townspeople and villagers make preparations out into the countryside to sacrifice one or more sheep. If they encounter a storm on their way, one of their number is good-naturedly thrown into it. At the same time, children make simple dolls of sticks and go from house to house. The intelligence of

6453 1952 powers, fudgers, war dodgers, even others have to separate him from men's (Ibid., p. 343-4).

A separate reconstruction of the formal organization of the Bolom Dukuth suggested by this is schematically represented below, diagram No. 6.

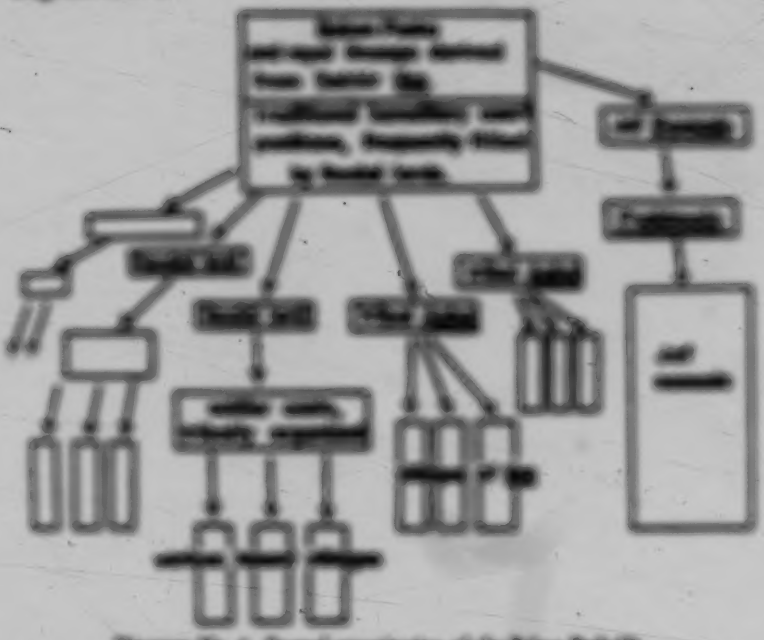

Diagram No. 6. Formal organization of the Bolom Dukuth.

6453 1952 • THE CHARISMA OF THE LEADER

In the formal political organization, principles and social segments derived both from the lineage system and the feudal system can thus be combined, and a more complex structure created. This is made all the more possible because of the similar organizations attached to the persons of the leader in both these systems. The qualifications and impediments to leadership will be discussed more fully in a later section, p. 119, however, some of the characteristics of the formal organization derive from the nature of leadership in Kurdish culture,

and can not be understood or divorced from the real power of the leader.

The interplay of structural and personal factors in defining the position and power of the leader, and thus the specific form of the political organization, may best be illustrated by the history of Shaikh Mahmud[1], a leader of considerable importance. His emergence as Shaikh or King of Sorāniyeh after the First World War, frequently misrepresented or given a biased account in English sources, is the most outstanding feature of political development in Northern Kurdistan in the present century. He constitutes the charismatic leader scheduled by Max Weber (op. cit.) and others to appear upon the breakdown of an established order. The history of the sources of political power, as well as the importance of the person and the responses to the definition of the office in the Kurdish system, are here clearly exemplified.

The family of Shaikh Mahmud owes its origin from two learned brothers, theologians who arrived in Sorāniyeh from Persia some 170 years ago. One to descend from Mohammed and a tradition of sanctity, the family enjoyed a spiritually leading position. The immediate founder of the present lineage is Saiyid Khaidar, revered as a saint in Sulaimani. During the supremacy of Baban rule, the Shaikhs remained divorced from politics, their wealth grew slowly from occasional gifts of land and villages, especially from the Baban themselves.

With the political instability and disorganization following the end of Baban rule, Shaikh Said, the father of Shaikh Mahmud, succeeded severely into the conflicts, and secured his secular power in the area through a successful combination of violence and diplomacy. Competing factions attempted to have him deposed by arranging for him to be called to Istanbul by Baban Abdul Khamid. The Baban, being extremely wary of such designs, frequently gathered as much his support among councillors, and the meeting was a great success from Shaikh Said's point of view, effectually smothering his enemies. Shaikh Said was murdered in Mosul in 1908, and succeeded by his son Shaikh Mahmud.

[1] It should be noted that the term Shaikh in Kurdish is not a political title, but merely indicates descent from the Prophet.

[47] protect the house from bullets and harms. The smaller versions of
[48] a number of Barrett charisma, it is tested up as a triangle of cloth of specified value, and carried pinned to the shoulder, in the hair, or suspended by a string around the neck or under one arm. Eventually the bearer of such an amulet is killed by bullet or bullet, did not really be explained, since the protective power is not spectacular while the person is shielding bad thoughts or if he loses his weapon in battle. Besides granting the efficacy of the amulets as valid, a list have long around the neck of a woman, and as women have hard they used, weaponless swordsmen were unable to draw the sword.

Charisma. The personal charisma ascribed to Sheikh Mahmud a rather difficult to separate from his semi-sacred powers, and to give coverage directly from them. He is proficient with the ability to read a person's thoughts and characters; he knows before a word is spoken for what purpose a person has come to him. A certain delight in other people's weaknesses and a keen for words and practical jokes further contribute to his extraordinary, semi-sacred reputation. Last but not least, he also possess a Western status by his extraordinary personality and force of character.

The failure of his charismatic aureole to succeed must be ascribed primarily to personal rather than local factors. Towards the end of the First World War, contact was established between Sheikh Mahmud and the Indian Army in Mesopotamia, and, after being given informal promises of Kurdish independence, Sheikh Mahmud chose to shift his loyalties from the Turks to the British. He proclaimed himself King, due to a more re-establishing the town of the Baban Dynasty, and perhaps hoping to emerge as the leader of all of Kurdistan. By the courts of Commons, Allied plans were presented, and commissions, conflicts over the question of Kurdish independence commenced by the year till 1931. Some of these conflicts derived from overcoming developments, others were rather unnecessary. It is indeed surprising that the British administration should show it. It knew at their agent to the area, and the person to cooperate with Sheikh Mahmud — those who, due to personal experiences and culture the way endow the most highly emotional attitude on Sheikh

obligations are commonly owned by liberal gifts (-Ole mwalu kwas the poor and gives to the rich is the words of one critic).

Such institutionalized or regularized means of receiving and mobilizing relations of dependence are very parallel to those used by the leaders in the traditional tribal political organization, and Chamwas how the charismatic leader attempts to utilize traditional symbols and institutions. It is also striking how the importance of the charismatic leader extends to the limits of the province, disorganized unit — here the Nakuru Prohibit — and no further. It is very doubtful that Shakhi Mohamed ever had any appreciable following outside the districts of Southern Kavirondo.

Personal charisma being important even in the traditional system, it plays a commendable role in a situation of disorganization, and may survive a series of defeats. Characteristic is the comment by numerous Chamwanda, whose reason to have been convinced on the Shakhi's defeat: «We will support the Shakhi, and if he loses on eight, we will serve him again.»

[illegible]

Those who had an opportunity to meet Qazi Muhammad could not fail to be impressed with his personality and easily understood how he had become a symbol for Kurdish nationalism overnight. A short man of fifty, trimmed to an old army overcoat, he had a lightly bearded, warrior face, slightly yellowish in complexion from a stomach complaint. His native smoked out French and was very little. His voice was gentle and well-modulated, his gestures quiet but effective. Accounting of an internationalist, he was interested in all the peoples of the world and knew many languages, including Russian, a little English, and Esperanto. His desk was customarily littered with grammars and readers and literary works in foreign tongues.

He seemed to be a man of deep convictions, backed with a rare courage and self-sacrifice, but tempered with broad-mindedness and moderation. During the period in question, at least, his demands were moderate: Kurdish autonomy within the Iranian state. He professed to share the view of many Kurds that since they were members of the same Iranian racial family as the Persians proper, there was no reason why they could not have the same civil liberties as did the ancient Medes and Persians. Qazi himself thought the Kurds were the descendants of the Medes, and liked to give his own etymology of Mahabad — "abode of the Medes."

[illegible] It would be impossible to deny that he and his followers also held pan-Kurdish aspirations and hoped to make Mahabad the center of Kurdish culture and the Kurdish nationalist movement, replacing Syria and Sulaimaniya, to remain at the present time. Great efforts were being made to get Kurdish education on a sound footing. At the Kurdish teachers' [illegible] sessions from Persian textbooks orally in the classroom, but shortly before the fall of the Kurdish Republic, textbooks in Kurdish had been printed for the primary grades. In addition to a newspaper and a political monthly periodical, both called *Kurdistan*, there were published two primarily literary magazines, *Dawn* and *Hiwa*.[1] All of these were printed on a press presented by the Soviet Army to

[1] [illegible]